

# EDITORIALS

## The School Issues

More than 100 persons attended a meeting in WALTERIA last Tuesday to hear what various candidates for the Torrance board of education had to say about their qualifications for the position and to hear their answers to some basic questions about the philosophy of education.

Seven of the nine candidates who will appear on the May 20 ballot were present and underwent a two and one-half hour session during which time they were sounded out thoroughly on where they stood. There is little doubt that anyone at the WALTERIA meeting went away with a serious question about the ability or intent of the seven candidates who appeared.

Unfortunately, the more than 100 persons at the meeting were denied the privilege of learning the philosophy of the two incumbent candidates. They sent their regrets, and informed the chairman of the meeting that they found they were unable to attend.

One of the other candidates, a teacher, gave up an important university class to be at the meeting—a class in which he is enrolled to improve himself professionally.

Another candidate—also a teacher—arrived at the meeting after it had started because he attended a university class in which he is enrolled; but he did arrive in time to state clearly his views on the basic principles of education.

Other candidates at the meeting discussed their beliefs frankly and with conviction. It was an opportunity for many people to acquaint themselves with the qualifications of most of the candidates.

But we say again, it was unfortunate that the two men who have been instrumental in shaping the policy to date, and who are seeking re-election to positions which will continue their influence on the educational policies of the city schools, were not able to be present.

It can only be hoped that prior to the important May 20 election, the two gentlemen will make a conscious effort to state their views to the public. The people who will choose their representatives at the polls have a right to know.

## Election Afterthoughts

Reviewing the April 8 election brings up several thoughts—foremost is a matter of limiting candidates to those seriously seeking office.

It is a privilege of Americans to be free in selecting their public officials, and it is a privilege of any American to seek public office.

It is also a privilege, presumably, to clutter a ballot with names which have no contribution but that of confusing the voter. Such might have been the case in the recent municipal election when a number of candidates made no effort to identify themselves to the voters beyond getting on the ballot.

The HERALD does not advocate any restrictions on this right except the conscience of the individual, which might be sharpened by a nominal filing fee requirement.

We would suggest for future municipal elections that candidates for the office of mayor be required to pay a filing fee of \$100; that candidates for the city council be required to pay \$50 as a filing fee, and that other elective offices of the city require a \$25 filing fee.

This will keep no serious candidate from placing his name in nomination, but it might discourage the candidate who puts his name on the ballot as the result of a bet, dare, or for the purposes of cluttering the issues in favor of another candidate.

Such filing fees should be collectable at the time of filing, and not returnable.

Payment of filing fees—an accepted practice in many elections, would be an addition to the \$50 "litter" bond recommended recently by the HERALD. The bond, however, would be returnable to the candidate after the election if the city would not be required to take down his campaign stickers, posters, and other material.

## Opinions of Others

From the federal government's viewpoint, the 10 per cent excise tax on all telephone service is a fine thing . . . but from most any other angle, it's an exceedingly bad tax. In the first place, it's discriminatory. There's no tax on water, gas or electricity. In fact, the telephone is the only essential household utility that is so taxed.

—Pine Bluff (Ark.) Commercial.

Kids want something exciting. Perhaps they just ought to belong to a fire department, they'd either go plumb crazy or learn to settle down right quick.

—Bethel (Ohio) Journal

## They're Three-Stage Rockets



YOUR PROBLEMS by Ann Landers

## Jim's Allergic to Storks

Dear Ann: I went with a fellow for six years and suddenly I became pregnant. I'm two years older than Jim but we are both of legal age. When I told him he was going to become a father, he seemed very proud.

The next thing I knew Jim's mother called me on the phone. She said she'd heard about my "scheme" and that I should forget about her son because we were "through."

Believe me, Mrs. Landers, we are far from through. I have no intentions of letting him get away with this. Please tell me what steps to take.—Laura.

(P.S.—I never looked at another man in all the years we went together and he knows it. In fact, when I met Jim I was as pure as the driven snow.)

Too had you drifted. There is no law that can force Jim to marry you, but you are entitled to medical expenses and child support. Get a lawyer or contact Legal Aid.

Dear Ann: A certain party in our office who shall be unnamed loves to smoke cigarettes—but he doesn't like to buy them. This character bums from everyone in the place and, frankly, we are all sick of it.

I understand how a person can run out occasionally, but this guy NEVER has a cigarette on him.

I can't tell him I have no cigarettes because everyone knows I'm a heavy smoker and I always have an extra couple of packs in the desk drawer. Please advise me on how to handle the leech.—Marlon.

Strange how the people who go into a nicotine fit if they don't have a cigarette are so often "fresh out."

Since you always have an extra pack handy, offer to sell the entire pack, instead of giving it to him one at a time. This formula is the best one I know.

Dear Ann: I'm 17 and will graduate from high school soon. My family doesn't care anything about the outside of our house. It needs paint, the lawn is a mess and the garage which can be seen from the street is falling apart so bad my dad doesn't even keep his car in it.

During the winter when it gets dark early, I have lots of dates. But summer is coming soon and I know the fellows will not ask me out because they are ashamed to be seen stopping in front of this shabby dump.

I read in your column a letter from a girl who had a similar problem last summer (when I was sitting home). You told her the fellows were not dating the house, and there must be something about HER that didn't click. How come I click just fine during the winter? Please give me some advice.—S.L.

feelings don't change THAT much with the seasons.

There may be a few lame-brains around who are enchanted by brick and mortar, but only a pretty stupid guy would put up with a dull date merely because she lived in a split-level dwelling.

Personality and character are the qualities which make date-bait.

Urge your parents, as a matter of family pride, to do something about improving the appearance of the house and lawn. But don't fool yourself into believing this will make a difference in your popularity. If your theory were correct, all the girls in lovely homes would be rushed to pieces—and let me assure you, this is not the case.

Dear Ann Landers: PTA groups work very hard to get horror books off the market and to keep our newspapers from printing smut. How does it happen that your column appears all over? Frankly, I don't know how you get away with it.

Our nine-year-old son reads the paper every day. He never misses your column. It makes me sick when I see this innocent young child, reading about trashy incidents which are not considered acceptable in our society. In my opinion, such things should not be mentioned publicly.

My son has plenty of time, Mrs. Landers, to learn about the rotten side of life. I consider your column a damaging influence on young people and I'm taking this opportunity to tell you so.—Sincerely, Mrs. S.W.

Dear Mrs. S.W.: Thank you for your letter. I agree that PTA groups perform a valuable service. I support them wholeheartedly. And they support me.

I've addressed many PTA audiences as well as school assemblies. Apparently they don't consider my column damaging to young people.

This column is fit for anyone who can read. If the material is beyond a child's comprehension it will make no impression. If he DOES understand, he'll get an honest picture of life. Not only will he become alerted to life's fish-hooks and booby-traps, but he'll learn about the high price of low morals and perhaps profit by the mistakes of others.

You can't insulate your son against life, Mother. A child kept under cellophane and fed fairy tales is in for a shattering blow when reality hits him. This world is neither a garden of roses nor is it a garbage dump.

If a child is reared in an atmosphere where love and morality are the supporting pillars, this column will not ruin his life—I promise you.

—Sincerely, Ann Landers.

Dear Ann: I am very much interested in a letter which

appeared in your column recently from two unmarried girls trying for the same man. You suggested they flip a coin or draw straws to decide which one should get out of the contest.

I would appreciate it if you'd send me the name of the loser. I'm a fairly good-looking guy with no bad habits. For the last six years I've been stationed in Alaska and I don't know any girls. How about a little help, Annie?—Sourdough.

Sorry, Sourdough, you'll have to meet your own losers. This isn't THAT kind of a column.

Since I do give advice, however, I'll run this up the flag-pole and let's hope you salute it. Mail order romance can be plenty dangerous.

Dear Ann: I'm a respectable girl of 16. My boy friend and I have been going steady for seven months. We are crazy about each other. He comes over every evening after supper and we do our homework together.

I have three bratty little sisters who make perfect pests of themselves. They hang around and ask dumb questions and humiliate me to death. I decided only way to get any privacy when my boy friend comes over is to take him into the bedroom and lock the door. Otherwise we'd never get any studying done.

Last night my father blew his top over this. My mother stuck up for me and said Dad was evil-minded and that he should put more trust in me. Dad insists we are both out of our minds. He says this is one for Ann Landers, so we have agreed to let you settle it. Will you?—Betsy Boo.

Mother may be on your side, but I'm with dad. A bedroom is not the proper setting in which to do homework with a boy friend. And you shouldn't be together every night under any circumstances.

It's your parents' responsibility to control the "bratty" sisters and teach them simple manners. You should not find it necessary to lock yourself in a room for privacy. When THIS problem is solved, the other will no longer exist.

Confidentially: HURT GERT: Leave this heel alone. In addition to being tight as a drum he sounds like a guy with the personality of a dental drill.

Confidentially: Big-Hearted Joe: It's o.k. to give her the shirt off your back but why leave your diamond cuff links in it? Take it easy, Joe. Time is your best ally.

Does almost everyone have a good time but you? If so, send for ANN LANDERS' new booklet, "How to Be Well-Liked," enclosing with your request 20 cents in coin and a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope. Requests should be sent in care of the Herald.

(C) 1958 Field Enterprises, Inc.

## Background for Summit Talks

The President and Secretary Dulles are on solid ground when they refuse to make room for the Soviet steamroller toward a summit meeting. As we reported two weeks ago, a summit meeting is in the offing and probably will be held this year, but only because of pressure from our allies and a small segment of our people who do not understand Soviet duplicity. Our allies want it principally for trade reasons and to reduce the strain of military expenditures from their shaky economies.

For the short-pull reasons they are right—for the long-pull they are treading dangerous ground. For the Kremlin cannot sustain itself in any atmosphere of agreement or sustained peace. A dictatorship is destined to move from one crisis to another to keep its enslaved millions off balance. The doctrine of endless fear—requiring constant control and regimentation—is what keeps 6,000,000 Communists in full control of 220,000,000 non-Communists in Russia.

With Premier Khrushchev now in full control of the Russian government, the Kremlin is desperate for a summit conference again with the U. S.—for the same reasons as in all previous ones—to gain prestige with its own people, the satellites and the fence-sitters.

Each time we sit down with the Russians we build their prestige, especially when we travel almost to their borders for the talks. They also seek a summit meeting for the reason that they are bankrupt and cannot sustain the astronomical costs of present day military hardware and inventions to outer space.

On our recent trip to Russia the rumblings and protests over the government's failure to redeem some \$60 billion of Russian bonds and interest, already 30 years overdue to the people, were loud and without precedent in Communist history.

The Soviet economy, even with the policy of bleeding their people, and their satellites white, cannot match the U. S. rocket for rocket, satellite for satellite, indefinitely. Up to now the only reason they have done it was due to concentration of their wealth and skills at the ex-

pense of the civilian economy—and also because the U. S. allowed its research to fall miserably behind for reasons known only too well by now. The Kremlin needs a breather from the present billion dollar science race with the U. S., which Sputnik set into motion. Ironic that the success of Sputnik should expose their weakness to back it up against an aroused determined America.

The Kremlin record of duplicity and deceit with previous agreements is notorious in all its 40-year history. As far back as the '20s it agreed to the independence of the Ukraine, Georgia, Transcaucasian republic, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Mongolia, Armenia, but in time invaded each one and crushed them into submission. Today there is hardly a trace of independence in any area under a previous Soviet agreement of independence. The Kremlin agreed, under the terms of our recognition in 1933, to compensate U. S. firms for properties seized inside Russia—but to this day millions are still unpaid.

The Kremlin agreed to a non-aggression pact with Poland in 1934—by 1939 Russia invaded Poland, after the notorious deal with Hitler. The Kremlin signed a non-aggression pact with Finland in 1931—seven years later Russian armies swept into Finland. The Kremlin endorsed the Atlantic charter in June, 1941, pledging no territorial conquest of its neighbors. Four years later it wiped Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, once proud nations, off the map of Europe—it forcibly took thousands of square miles of the soil of Finland, Poland, Romania, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Albania, Outer Mongolia—in addition to Germany, Japan and China.

In 1943 Secretary of State Cordell Hull went to Moscow and came home with five agreements with Stalin. The Kremlin violated all of them. Secretary of State Edward Stettinius tried it again in 1945 at San Francisco and London. The Kremlin violated the new agreements. Secretary of State Byrnes went to Moscow twice—to Paris and London five times—between 1945 and 1946, and came home with 10 agreements.

The Kremlin fulfilled but one—dealing with the return of a few broken down LST's we loaned the Russians during the war—and even that had to be scuttled because the Russians stripped all navigable gear.

Secretary of State Marshall went back to Moscow again in 1947 and returned with three agreements—the Kremlin ignored these too. Secretary of State Acheson met with the Russians in Paris in 1949 and came home smiling and full of agreements. Secretary of State Dulles since 1954 has met over 18 times with the Russians from Moscow to Tokyo and out of the many agreements he concluded, only one actually was fulfilled—the Austrian treaty.

These are merely the U. S. secretary of state Russian foreign ministers' agreements and do not include President Roosevelt's trips to Russia, to Teheran—President Truman's trip to Potsdam, actually on Soviet-occupied soil—and President Eisenhower's trip to Geneva in 1955.

Three U. S. presidents and six U. S. secretaries of state in the past 15 years traveled all the way to Russia—or close to the frontier of Russia—for about 20 top-level talks, resulting in some 50 agreements. In addition, hundreds of other agreements were concluded with the Kremlin on the ambassador level.

Out of the nearly 50 major agreements at the highest level—less than five were kept by the Russians: Joining the war against Japan, only after the U. S. had Japan negotiating for an armistice—pulling out of Austria—drawing from Azerbaijan—paying part of the Manchurian railroad stolen from China—and reopening the autobahns after the Berlin airlift. Most of their other major agreements just never materialized.

Perhaps their obvious inability to match the astronomical costs of the new U. S. science program may bring the Kremlin to its senses at the next summit meeting. We all hope it does. But the reluctance of President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles to be stamped by the Soviets to the summit is both understandable and justified.

## THE FREELANCER by Tom Rische

## You've Hardly Changed a Bit

The old gray mare may not be what she used to be, but you probably aren't either.

That's usually the story at class reunion and gatherings of long-separated friends.

More often than not, the romantic pictures of yesterday which we carry around in our heads are shattered when we see what time has done to some of the Venuses and Apollos of yesterday.

The sparkling belle of the senior class, who once had dozens of boy friends, now looks rather frumpy and tired from tending four children.

The rippling muscles of the guy who once electrified Popunk High by dashing for touchdowns now have turned to blubber and his wavy brown hair, that the girls liked to stroke, has long since disappeared.

The correct comment, however, for all such occasions is "My, you've hardly changed a bit," or "My, you've certainly gotten better looking as you got older."

When we see what time has done to our old friends, we may get a wild urge to dash to the mirror to see if we haven't grown older more gracefully than they have. We usually conclude that we have.

Another startling feature of these reunions is that these people don't act or think the same as they used to. We don't either, but we've gotten used to our changes gradually and almost without realizing it.

The coquette of the senior class, who used to give the boys that come-hither giggle, may be interested in discussing the best way to prepare baby formula or the merits of the respective automatic washers.

brothers with tales of his prowess, may now be bragging about the home runs his kid hits in playing for the Little League and the petunias in his yard.

After so many years apart, we may well find that after comparing notes on what everybody has done in the meantime, there isn't anything much left to talk about. Everybody will be boring everybody else, but they play the game out to the end.

The result may be that some of the group may try to re-enact those happy days of yesterday. Somehow, the things they did as teenagers often look pretty silly when done by an adult. The one-time quarterback may pull a back muscle in recalling the throw that beat old PHS, and a former cheerleader may require some assistance in getting up after she does a kneebend.

The talk will undoubtedly drift back to "do you remember the time we—" and soon, Good-Time Charley will recall many embarrassing things about all present.

Then the talk wanders to the "wonder what became of so-and-so" line, and the group is all duly glad or sad at the fates of former friends.

At this point, the spouses of the old grads generally start poking them in the ribs, suggesting that the babysitter costs are mounting rapidly.

While Good-Time Charley is recalling the time that Mary Smith and Joe Jones were caught necking in the hallway, the rest of the crowd will say their goodbyes.

"Well, you certainly must stop by and see us sometime," somebody is murmuring to you. "We mustn't wait so many years."

"We'll certainly do that," you reply. "It certainly has been wonderful seeing you again. It certainly brought back the old days. You come see us."

On the way home, your wife says to you, "You certainly weren't serious about going to see those bores, were you?"

"Of course not," you reply. "You know old Henry sure looks funny now. I never thought he'd get fat and bald. And that wife of his—I would have thought he would do better than that."

An so it goes.

## Torrance Herald

Established Jan. 1, 1914



Member of National Editorial Association, California Newspaper Publishers Association

Publication office and plant, 1619 Gramercy Ave., Torrance, Calif.

Published Semi-Weekly, Thursday and Sunday. Entered as second class matter January 30, 1914, at Post Office, Torrance, California, under act of March 3, 1879.

KING WILLIAMS, Publisher.

GLENN W. PFEIL, General Manager.

REID L. MUNDY, Managing Editor.

Adjudicated a legal newspaper by Superior Court, Los Angeles County, Adjudicated Decree No. 218470, March 20, 1927.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By Carrier, 45c a month. Mail subscriptions \$5.00 a year. Circulation office FA 8-6000.

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

STAR GAZER by CLAY R. POLLAN. Your Daily Activity Guide According to the Stars. To develop message for Sunday, read words corresponding to numbers of your Zodiac birth sign.